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house till they found her dead the next morning; therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers. To that end further proof was made.

First—That she lay in a composed manner in her bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

Secondly—Her throat cut from ear to ear, and her neck broken; and if she first cut her throat, she could not break her neck in the bed, nor *contra*.

Thirdly—There was no blood in the bed, saving there was a tincture of blood on the bolster whereon her head lay; but no substance of blood at all.

Fourthly—From the bed's head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bendings of the floor to a very great quantity; and there was also another stream of blood on the floor at the bed's feet, which ponded also on the floor to another great quantity, but no continuance or communication of blood of either of these two places from one to the other, neither upon the bed; so that she bled in two places severally. And it was deposed, turning up the mat of the bed, there were clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mat underneath.

Fifthly—The bloody knife was found in the morning sticking in the floor a good distance from the bed; but the point of the knife as it stuck was towards the bed, and the haft from the bed.

Lastly—There was a print of the thumb and four fingers of the left hand.

Sir Nicholas Hide, Chief Justice, said to the witness—How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right hand in such a case?

Witness—My Lord, it is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly place your right hand in the same posture. Which being done, and appearing so, the defendants had time to make their defence, but gave no evidence to any purpose.

The jury departed from the bar, and, returning, acquitted Okeman, and found the other three guilty; who being severally demanded what they could say why judgment should not be pronounced, said, 'Nothing'; but each of them said, 'I did not do it, I did not do it.'

Judgment was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed; but the aunt had the privilege to be spared execution, being with child.

I inquired, did they confess any thing at their execution; but they did not, as I was told."

JACK JOHNSTONE.

THE times are sadly changed in Ireland as regards the drama, and the enjoyments of its lovers, since the days when Jack Johnstone used to delight his thousands of hearers, in old "Crow street," with his melodious warblings of Irish melodies, and his never-to-be-equalled touches of Irish humour and merriment. It can never be questioned that he was the truest painter of Irish character that ever lived. There was no trait to be found throughout its extensive range, from the accomplished gentleman to the unlettered peasant, that he was not equally master of, and which he did not depict with equal spirit and vividness; and this always in such a way as to make us pleased with the picture of ourselves, and acknowledge its truth, while we laughed at its strange and often ludicrous peculiarities. There was nothing in Jack Johnstone's personation that Irishmen would ever feel ashamed of, or that they would not willingly allow to go forth to the world at large as faithful delineations of their eccentricities and faults, as well as of their drolleries and virtues; and hence not only is the memory of this genuine Irish comedian honoured by those of the last generation, who were his cotemporaries, but his reputation as an actor has even descended with lustre to our own times. So should it for ever live; and in this desire of contributing our humble assistance towards perpetuating his memory, we are induced to present our readers with a short biographical notice of his career, which we are sure will not be displeasing to the young, while it will hardly fail to revive joyous recollections of happy days in the minds of our readers of more advanced years.

Mr John Henry Johnstone was born at Tipperary in 1750, and was the son of a small but respectable farmer, having a large family. At the early age of 18 he enlisted into a regiment of Irish dragoons, then stationed at Clonmel, commanded

by Colonel Brown. Being smitten with the charms of a neighbouring farmer's daughter, Johnstone used to scale the barrack-wall after his comrades had retired to their quarters, for the purpose of serenading his mistress, having a remarkably sweet and flexible voice. He always returned, however, and was ready at parade the following morning. He was much esteemed throughout the regiment for a native lively turn of mind, and peculiarly companionable qualities. Two of his comrades (who had found out the secret of his nocturnal visitations) scaled the wall after him, and discovered him on his knee singing a plaintive Irish ditty beneath the window of his innamorata. They instantly returned to quarters, and were quickly followed by Johnstone. The serjeant of the company to which he belonged eventually became acquainted with the circumstance, but never apprised the colonel of the fact. Shortly after, Colonel Brown had a party of particular friends dining with him, whom he was most anxious to entertain: he inquired what soldier throughout the regiment had the best voice, and the palm of merit was awarded by the serjeant-major to Johnstone. The colonel sent for him, and he attended the summons, overwhelmed with apprehension that his absence from quarters had reached his commander's ears. He was soon relieved, however, on this point, and attended the party at the time appointed. The first song he sang was a hunting one, which obtained much applause, although he laboured under great trepidation. The colonel said that he had heard he excelled in Irish melodies, and bade Johnstone sing one of his favourite *love* songs. His embarrassment increased at this order; but after taking some refreshment, he sang the identical ditty with which he had so often serenaded his mistress, in such a style of pathos, feeling, and taste, as perfectly enraptured his auditors. Having completely regained his self-possession, he delighted the company with several other songs, which all received unqualified approbation.

The next day Colonel Brown sent for him and sounded his inclination for the stage. Johnstone expressed his wishes favourably on the point, but hinted the extreme improbability of his success, from want of experience and musical knowledge. The colonel overcame his objections, and granted him his discharge, with a highly recommendatory letter to his particular friend Mr Ryder, then manager of the Dublin theatre, who engaged Johnstone at two guineas a-week for three years, which, after his first appearance in *Lionel*, was immediately raised to four (a high salary at that time in Dublin). His fame as a vocalist gathered like a snow-ball, and he performed the whole range of young singing lovers with pre-eminent eclat.

Our hero next formed a matrimonial alliance with a Miss Poitier, daughter of Colonel Poitier, who had then the command of the military dépôt at Kilmainham gaol. This lady being highly accomplished, and possessing a profound knowledge of music, imparted to her husband the secrets of the science, and made him a finished singer.

Macklin having the highest opinion of Johnstone's talent, advised him to try the metropolitan boards, and wrote a letter to Mr Thomas Harris, of Covent-garden, who, on the arrival of Johnstone and his wife, immediately engaged them for three years, at a weekly salary of £14, £16, and £18. Johnstone made his first appearance in London on the 3d October 1783, in his old character of *Lionel*, and made a complete hit, fully sustaining the ten years' reputation he had acquired on the Dublin stage. After remaining several years at Covent-garden, and finding his voice not improving with time, he formed the admirable policy of taking to Irish parts, which were then but very inadequately filled. His success was beyond example; his native humour, rich brogue, and fine voice for Irish ditties, carried all before him. In fact, he was the only actor who could personate with the utmost effect both the patrician and plebeian Irishman. He next performed at the Haymarket, being one of those who remonstrated with the proprietors of Covent-garden in 1801, against their new regulations. In 1803, he visited his friends in Dublin, where martial law being then in force, on account of Emmett's rebellion, the company performed in the day-time. On his return to London his wife died, and he afterwards married Miss Boulton, the daughter of a wine-merchant, by whom he had Mrs Wallack, who with her children succeeded to the bulk of his large property. In the records of the stage no actor ever approached Johnstone in Irish characters. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Callaghan O'Bralaghan, Major O'Flaherty, Teague, Tully (the Irish gardener), and Dennis Brulgrudery, were portrayed by him in the most exquisite colours. In fact, they stood alone for felicity of nature and original merit.

Mr Johnstone died in his house in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, on the 26th December 1829, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, and his remains were interred in a vault under the church of St Paul, Covent-garden, near the eastern angle of the church. His will was proved in Doctors'-Commons, and probate granted under £12,000 personal property. Rumour gave Johnstone the credit of being worth £40,000 or £50,000. He left a gold snuff-box and a ring to each of his executors, Mr George Robins and Mr O'Reilly: a ring to his friend Mr Jobling, of the Adelphi; and a ring to Mr Dunn, the treasurer of Drury-lane; and as the latter gentleman was a staunch disciple of Isaac Walton, Johnstone left him all his fishing-tackle. To a female servant who nursed him during the last eight or ten years of his life, he bequeathed an annuity of £50 a-year. The remainder, with the exception of a legacy of £500 to Mrs Vining, was left to the children of his daughter, Mrs Wallack.

AMUSEMENTS—MUSIC.

In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. France, especially before the revolution, has been represented as a singularly temperate country; a fact to be explained, at least in part, by the constitutional cheerfulness of that people, and by the prevalence of simple and innocent gratifications, especially among the peasantry. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community. A gloomy state of society, in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness, if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried; because, in losing the consciousness of his condition and his existence, he loses little which he wishes to retain. The labouring classes are most exposed to intemperance, because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man to take up with those of a brute. Thus the encouragement of simple, innocent enjoyments, is an important means of temperance.

These remarks show the importance of encouraging the efforts which have commenced among us, for spreading the accomplishment of music through our whole community. It is now proposed that this shall be made a regular branch in our schools; and every friend of the people must wish success to the experiment. I am not now called to speak of all the good influences of music, particularly of the strength which it may and ought to give to the religious sentiment, and to all pure and generous emotions. Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favourable bearing on public morals. Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.—*Dr Channing's Address on Temperance.*

CHURCHYARDS.—Formerly (says Captain Grose) few persons chose to be buried on the north side of a church; the original reason was this: in the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was customary, on seeing the tombstone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their soul, which was held to be very efficacious. As the common entrance into most churches was either at the west end or on the south side of the church, persons buried on the north side escaped the notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuse spot, only very poor, or persons guilty of some offence, were

buried there: persons who, actuated by lunacy, had destroyed themselves, were buried on this side, and sometimes out of the east and west directions of the other graves. This is said to be alluded to in Hamlet, where he bids the grave-digger cut Ophelia's grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed. Observe the yew-tree; in many churchyards they are of a prodigious size. Some have supposed that yew-trees were planted in churchyards in order to supply the parish with bow staves, but more probably it was from the yew being an evergreen, and conveying an allusion to the immortality of the soul, and therefore considered as a funeral plant. This reason is likewise given for the use of rosemary and rue; but, probably, these were carried to prevent any infection from the open grave on a near approach to the coffin.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.—William, the second Viscount Ashbrook, when very young, and residing with his family in the county of Kilkenny, was captivated with the beauty of an Irish peasant girl, named Elizabeth Ridge, who was in the habit of punting a ferry-boat across a stream in the vicinity of Castle Durrow. The love-sick youth took every opportunity of enjoying the society of the fascinating water-nymph, but carefully concealed his passion from his parents. He held at that time an ensign's commission in a regiment which was quartered in the neighbourhood, but he was as yet too young to think of matrimony; nor was the object of his love either old enough, or sufficiently educated, to become his wife. She had been reared among the Irish peasants, had been unused to shoes or stockings, was scarcely acquainted with the English language, and was wholly uninformed in matters of the world; yet the young ensign fancied, that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he could perceive in her an aptitude of mind, and soundness of intellect, united with great sweetness of temper, in addition to her personal attractions. Under these circumstances, he conceived the romantic idea of placing her under the superintendence of some respectable female, capable of rendering her, through the influence of education, a suitable associate. The lovely ferry-girl was accordingly removed to the house of a lady, where our hero, who had meantime been promoted to the rank of captain, occasionally visited her, and marked from time to time, with all the enthusiasm of a romantic lover, her rapid progress in various polite accomplishments. Elizabeth Ridge remained in this situation for three years, when the lapse of time, as well as some domestic occurrences, enabled Captain Flower, in 1766, to reap the reward of his constancy and honourable conduct. And thus the blushing daughter of the Emerald Isle became ultimately the Viscountess Ashbrook, and lady of that castle beneath whose walls her early charms had, like the rays of the rising sun, beamed for a time unnoticed, only to become more effulgent and more admired. By the Viscount she had several sons and daughters; among the former, the present Viscount; among the latter, the mother of the present Lady Wetherell.

The Irish in the reign of Queen Elizabeth are represented by many as *quite* ignorant and barbarous. Read the letters of their chiefs to the Spaniards in the *Pacata Hibernia*, and judge for yourself.—*Dr Browne, F.T.C.D.*

IRISH VOLUBILITY.—A conversation with a young Irishman, of good natural abilities (and among no race of men are those abilities more general), is like a forest walk; in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a briar. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather not take the same walk on the morrow.—*Landor.*

No man is free from fear; he is not who says he never feels it; *he fears* to be thought a coward; and, whether we tremble before a sword or a supposition, it is alike fear!

The power of enjoying the harmless and reasonable pleasures of life is not only essential to a man's happiness, but an indication of several valuable qualities, both of the heart and the head, which can hardly exist without it.

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